

# Book Trails

FOR BABY FEET



CHILD DEVELOPMENT FOUNDATION, Inc.  
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## WHEN THE SKY FELL

ONCE upon a time, in the big green woods, there lived a noisy Bluejay. He talked so much and so fast that no one ever knew what he was talking about, but as he never said anything worth while it didn't matter.

One bright morning Bluejay was strutting on the moss beneath the big chestnut tree that stands on the edge of the big green woods near the pasture, when plop!



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something hit him right on the crown of feathers he wears on top of his head. He stopped chattering for nearly two minutes, he was so frightened. Then he blinked and screamed, "The sky is falling! The sky is falling! I must tell all the animals in the big green woods." And off he flew to spread the terrible news.

First, Bluejay flew to the tree where Red Chipmunk lives and tap, tap, tap! he rapped with his bill on Red Chipmunk's door. "E-e-e-e-k!" said Red Chipmunk. "Who's there? What is it?"

"The sky is falling, Red Chipmunk," shouted Bluejay. "I must hurry to tell all our friends in the big green woods. Come on with me."

So Red Chipmunk came out of his hollow tree and he and Bluejay hurried to the home of Gray Field Mouse, who lives on the edge of the big green woods. Gray Field Mouse was sunning herself on her doorstep when Bluejay and Red Chipmunk came up all out of breath. "Gray Field Mouse," chattered Bluejay, "the sky is falling, the sky is falling! A piece hit me just now and I'm rushing to tell all our friends in the big green woods that the sky is falling."



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Gray Field Mouse was terribly frightened at this news, so she joined Bluejay and Red Chipmunk. They hurried along, and they hurried along, and they hurried along, until they came to Speckled Toad's home. "Speckled Toad," shrieked Bluejay, for he was getting more and more excited, "the sky is falling, the sky is falling! Come with us and help us tell all our friends." So Speckled Toad hopped along with his friends. And they hurried along, and they hurried along, and they hurried along, until they came to Brown Mole's home. He was out for his daily airing, but as the sun was too bright for his eyes, Prickly Porcupine was leading him, being careful not to get his stickers near Brown Mole's long nose and pretty soft fur.

Bluejay, Red Chipmunk, Gray Field Mouse, and Speckled Toad came up all out of breath. "Oh, Brown Mole and Prickly Porcupine," gasped Bluejay, "the sky is falling, the sky is falling! What shall we do?" Brown Mole was terribly frightened and he asked Prickly Porcupine to lead him right back to his nice dark hole. But Prickly Porcupine was a sensible chap, and he said, "Why don't we all go to Wise Owl? He will tell us



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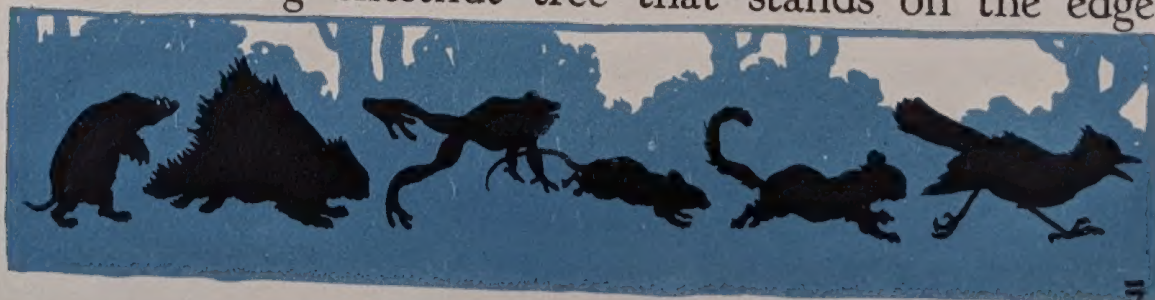
what is best to do if the sky is really falling."

So they all agreed to go to Wise Owl and they hurried along, and they hurried along, and they hurried along, until they came to the big oak tree where Wise Owl lives. Bluejay called, Red Chipmunk chattered, and Gray Field Mouse squeaked, but Speckled Toad, Brown Mole and Prickly Porcupine didn't say a word. They didn't have to, the others made so much noise. Presently Wise Owl came out of his hole in the oak tree where he had been taking an afternoon nap. He was cross at being awakened in the daytime, but he asked what was wanted.

"Wise Owl," shouted Bluejay, "the sky is falling, the sky is falling! What shall we do?"

"Who says the sky is falling?" snapped Wise Owl, for he was still rather cross.

"A piece hit me on the head," said Bluejay. "I was under the big chestnut tree that stands on the edge







of the big green woods near the pasture. I was so frightened I flew off to tell all my friends."

"Nonsense," answered Wise Owl, looking like a judge with big spectacles. "The sky can't be falling. As long as I've lived in the big green woods I've never known it to fall. Let's go back to the chestnut tree and see if anything happens. I'm sure it's quite safe there."



"I'm afraid to go back," Bluejay said.

"Nonsense," answered Wise Owl again. "We can fly or run away if the sky is falling."

So Bluejay, Red Chipmunk, Gray Field Mouse, Speckled Toad, Brown Mole, Prickly Porcupine, and Wise Owl all went back to the big chestnut tree that stands on the edge of the big green woods near the pasture. They all stood under the tree waiting for something to happen. Sure enough, something suddenly dropped through the branches and fell with a soft thud on the green moss. And what do you suppose it was?

A big green chestnut burr, all prickly and stickly!

Then how they all laughed! Bluejay loudest of all. And Red Chipmunk went back to his tree, and Gray Field Mouse to her home where her babies were waiting for her to get supper, and Speckled Toad hopped off to where he knew there were some fat flies. Then Prickly Porcupine led Brown Mole back to his warm dark hole and Wise Owl went back to his oak tree. But Bluejay flew away to the other end of the big green woods, laughing so hard that his topknot shook.